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NUMBER 10.

### The Guterprise.

Published Every Wednesday

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Mixed	No. 13	7.05 a.m.
Express	" 1	. 10.05 a.m.
THE REAL PROPERTY.		2.05 p.m
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Massillon-With P., Pt. W. & C. R. R. and C. T. V. & W. R. R.
Valley Junction-With Valley R. R.
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### BABY'S LETTER.

Here in this casket you may behold Something more precious to me than gold: For the crumpled scrap of paper there, Inclosing a tress of soft, bright hair, and pencilled over so cunningly, is my wee grandoon's letter to me, Where not in valu did his babyhood strusyle to make himself understood.

A world of odors, and light, and song, Such as to infancy belong.
Seem part of this letter; for, don't you see,
He is just as sweet as a baby can be.
To think the darling—you needn't inush—
Marked lines like this at a year and a half,
With his bieseed own little dimpled hand,
And sent them to me out of Babyland;

His words still few, he scarce has met The fitting ones for his purpose yet. But the love in his all-loving breast Beyond expression is here expressed. These comical crooks and awkward angles, And twisted lines, like thread in tangles, Are riddles, riddles that grandma guesses. To be storms of chokingly close caresses.

And what was ever more plain than this Circle, his mother labels "a kiss." A prophecy of love's new romance, Bringing the old to remembrance. This letter shows clear as a Heavenly ray, The angel side of my mortal way, And crowned, I behold my grandboy stand On the sunniest summit of Babyland.

—Louise V. Beyd, in Wide Awake,

#### SMAKES IN THE GRASS.

If you stand here and peer through the darkness you can see it all. There is the wagon of the lone emigrant family, its cover weather-worn and rent to prove that the journey has been long and weary. Ten feet away are the embers of the fire on which the evening meal was cooked. Between the wagon and the fire is the rude bed of robes and blankets on which mother and children are slee ing. On the other side of the vehicle stand the horses, munching at the short, sweet grass or listening to the far-off voice of the wolf.

This is the back-ground. In the fore-ground a sentinel sits with his back to the solitary cottonwood. At his right hand runs a little brook-at his left is the boundless prairie o'er which night has spread her mantle. Forty feet away are wife and children trusting in his vigilance. Overhead gray-white clouds are driving across the star-lit heavens, and the moan of the wind has an uneasy, nervous sound. Away out on the prairie the wolf gallops from knoll to knoll and snuffs the air, and the coyote gnaws at the bleached bones of the buffalo, and utters his short, sharp cries of hunger.

Is there danger? All day long as the tired horses pulled the wagon at a slow pace, the emigrant has carefully scanned the circle about him, but without cause for uneasiness. He knows he is in the Indian country, and for the last twentyfour hours his nerves have been braced hear their dreaded war-whoop and to catch sight of a band riding down

It is midnight as we find him. His ear has been as keen as a fox's and his the rest. The odds are ten to one against him.

farm-house hidden away among the cherry and pear trees? There is the highway, lined with dusty May-weeds. Half a mile beyond is the quaint little school-house, where the children learned their A, B, C. Half a mile above is the bridge across the ""Are we all left-handed," asked Willie, as he called his ma's attention to the knives and forks on the wrong

above is the bridge across the—"
The sentinel rouses up and rubs his eyes. It was the creek talking to him.

As he listened to its monotonous babble What are you staring at?" it suddenly began to converse in plain There are the same sounds—the wail of the coyote—the munching of the horses
-the babbling of the brook—now and bled Jones; "accidents will happen in then a half groan from one of the chil-

dren sleeping an uneasy sleep. And now the brook talks again: "There was the big brown barn full of sweet-smelling hay—the pasture lot with its cows—the pond in which the bare-legged children used to wade—the orchard with its burden of fruit. Don't you remember how you used to sit on the stoop at evening-time and smoke your pipe and watch the children at play on the grass? How peaceful every-thing was! There was a drowsy feeling in the summer air—the lazy hum of insects—the low songs of the good wife as she rocked baby to sleep—who, you sometimes fell asleep and let your pipe

drop from—."
The brook babbled and the man slept. Aye: the sentinel who had five lives in his keeping slept and dreamed, and in his dreams wandered back to the old ome and heard the old familiar sounds. "Sh!" It was a rustle in the grass! Turn to the left a little more. There it is! Thirty feet from the sleeping man a rattlesnake rears its head above the grass and looks around. It's eyes gleam like stars. The neck swells, the tongue flashes in and out, and it coils and uncoils itself as if in fierce combat. Now it is advancing-now it swerves to the right-now to the left-now it halts and right—now to the left—now it hairs and coils itself to strike. It might creep up and bury its fangs in the flesh of the sleeping man, and it will! It creeps again. It glides through the grass like a gleam—now to the right—now to the left—now straight shead.

"S-s-s-h!" The serpent halts. Twenty feet more and it could have struck the sleeper, but some movement of his has alarmed it, and it glides away for fifty feet as fast as a shadow travels.

Now look beyond the snake! Is it a

peril? Is it a wolf or panther creeping forward to make a victim? Now you can see more clearly. There is the scalp-lock and feathers-the dark face -the gleaming eyes-the shut teeth and bronzed throat of a Blackfoot warrior. A courier from one branch of his tribe to another; he has discovered the equipment, circled around it twice, and is now creeping upon the man, who sleeps

instead of watches.

How softly he moves! A panther stealing upon a listening doe would not exercise more care. Almost inch by inch, and yet he is slowly approaching. He was a hundred feet away. Now he is ninety—eighty—seventy—sixty! He can see a dark mass at the foot of the tree, and he knows that the sentinel must be asleep or he would not be

that position.
See the rattlesnake! It has faced of the cords and muscles—a nercer had of the red tongue. A straight line of sixty feet drawn from the Indian to the sixty feet drawn from the Indian to the informed Colonel Yerger of the intendof the cords and muscles—a fiercer flash the warrior creeps forward again not ed honor. The whole family and Gus a weed breaking not a rustle to prove were in the parlor, when Johnny riveted his presence. Two feet—four—six! the attention of all present by asking See the snake! Its head is thrown back Gus DeSmith: —its eyes shoot sparks—there goes the deadly z-z-z-z of his rattle. The head of the Indian is not three feet away as he hears the ominous sound. He draws

#### Constitutional Weakness. What was it? The sentinel is wide

awake and upon his feet. Wife and children have been startled from slum-ber to grow white-faced and tremble. Even the horses have raised their heads and are peering into the night. There was a single cry-the wild scream of a

human being suddenly terrified. "It was nothing—nothing but the howl of a wolf!" whispers the sentinel, as he walks over to comfort wife and children; and by and by all is quiet and peaceful as before. The night grows apace—the stars fade—daylight breaks. As the sun comes up the wagon moves on its way and the brook and the camp and the cotton-wood are left behind. "Yes, it was the howl of some wolf prowling about," whispers the emigrant to himself as he walks beside his wagon

and cautiously scans the prairie.

Three hundred feet to the left is coiled a snake, which darts its venomous tongue at the rolling wagon. Half a mile beyond lies the dead body of the Blackfoot—swollen, distorted—a horrible sight under the light of the morning Overhead circles three or four through the grass come the lank, hun-gry wolves to the feast. The wife laughs, the children frolic, the husband regains his light.

### Mr. Jones Eulists as Cook.

the record of the serpents in the grass, and he will never read it.—Detroit Free

regains his light heart. Night wrote

Mr. Jones has had quite an experience lately. It came suddenly, like the toothache, and it left the same sort of ndelible impression. The truth is, he has been acting as cook. At first he thought he knew as much as a whole intelligence office, and he told Mrs. Jones so when she informed him that Bridget was going away for two weeks to visit

her sister at East Saginaw.
"We must have a supply, Jeptha," she said in a ministerial sort of way. "I have all I can do with the children and the fall sewing, without doing any

"Nonsense," retorted Jones: "supply "Nonsense, retorted of strange girl be blamed! Who wants a strange girl be blamed! Til do rummaging through the house? I'll do the cooking, Maria! I can cook better than any woman I ever saw. Ever eat any of my gingerbread?"
"No, and I never want to," snapped Mrs. Jones. "I never saw a man that

could cook anything decently yet. "Well, you li see one now. Let me get up in the morning and get the breakfast. Pll show you a bill of fare," The morning came and Jones got up early and slipped softly down stairs,

intending to get breakfast ready and give Maria a surprise. And he did. When the breakfast eye has not rested for a moment. The stakes are human lives—his life with in the doorway to feast her eyes. Jones in the doorway to feast her eyes. Jones had laid the table with Bridget's iron-Ah! If we were back at the old ing-sheet, and he was rushing about in me in Ohio! You remember the old and a red and heated countenance,

side of the plates.
"Hush up!" said the father, severely.
"Sit down, Maria, and turn the coffee.

"I was admiring the cook," said Mrs. tongue. For a moment he is thrilled and alarmed. He looks keenly about, and he listens with bated breath. cup of clear hot water out of the coffee-

> the best of families. Try the oatmeal.' "Did you-pth?-thrw-pth-st-boil it?" asked Mrs. Jones, as she slowly choked to death. "Do you boil oatmeal porridge?" inquired Jones, anxiously; "I'm sure my mother never cooked her's."

"No!" said Mrs. Jones, innocently "then she must have had her throat lined with porcelain. What are these things, "Saratoga chips, Maria; don't you now potatoes when you see them?" "Oh! I suppose these are what you

call aw natural. I see you forgot to peel the potatoes before you fried them,' purred Mrs. J. "When did Bridget say she would be back?" asked Jones, changing the con-"Why, she has hardly got there yet,"

answered his wife. "She won't be back for two weeks unless her brother Tim Jones sighed, and went down town, where he dined at several restaurants. It took Mrs. Jones all day at hard work to get the kitchen back to its normal condition, and at night there was a very

light supper. Jones announced that he would have omelet and hot biscuit for breakfast, and retired early. In the morning he was sleeping sweet-

ot into his nearest ear. "Jeptha," she whispered hoarsely, "there's-the-fire!"
"Where?" shricked Jones, sliding out of bed and into his clothes. "In-the-kitchen," replied Mrs. J.,

rolling over into a sound sleep. Jones flew to the nearest box and got back to the kitchen and had torn up the whole interior he discovered his Now look beyond the snake! Is it a second serpent worming its way over the ground to surround the sleeper with peril? Is it a wolf or panther creeping forward to make a victim? Now you he took an arnica bath and went to bed

Bridget had just reached East Saginaw and been duly installed as best guest at her sister's, Mrs. Maloney, when a messenger appeared.
"Howly Moses, it's a tallygram," she gasped, "phat's broken loose now?" It

Your brother Tim has arrived; hurry back at once."
When Bridget had redeemed the kitchen from its two days' spree, she began to look for Tim; she hasn't seen him yet, but as she says: "there's the tally-gram," Jones told her to say nothing

#### What he knows he keeps to himself .- Detroit Post and Tribune Where's Your Gimblet!

as he might have been taken for a sus-

Little Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between Gus DeSmith, an Austin society gentleman, and the Yerger family. Gus called to make a friendly "Have you brought your gimblet

"Hush, Johnny," said Mrs. Yerger.
"Go to bed, sir," remarked Colonel

A great many people seem to have lost "the spirit of acquiescence" in the decisions of the Supreme Court, which, we are informed, so marks the law-abiding citizen in this country. Mr. Samuel R. Reed publish a strong article vig-orously dissenting from Justice Brad-ley's dictum in the Civil-rights opinion. asserting that the Justice has made the common mistake of substituting partisan opinions for constitutional princi-ples. The paramount purposes the founders of our Government had in view was the protection of the rights of man, and, by the very nature of the case, as a necessity to the preservation of the Government, there is the amplest grant of power to do this. Mr. Reed says: "So long as the State Governments fulfill this duty it is well. In their default the National Government has full power." Indications of the recognition of this fact are observable on all hands. The necessities of modern

ing jurisdiction of the National Government, and there is wide demand that the National authority be extended over the telegraph and railroads and over the matter of "The existence of the power in the National Government to do whatever may be necessary to protect hu-man rights in the States, although it may be unused and latent, is a safe-guard, and its importance is growing." Historically, Mr. Reed shows that all parties have always held "that Congress had ample power to protect rights of person and property in the States wherever made necessary by the default hostility of States, or in anticipation of their unfriendliness. It was exercised to protect private property by the Fugitive-slave act, to an extent which includes the principle of a complete National establishment of tribunals and officers to administer National laws for the protection of private property. The claim will hardly be made that Congress may not go as far to protect persons as to protect their property." But that is precisely the claim. The Democratic held that the Constitution was

ample to carry slavery into all the Territories, and to allow slaves to be taken into free States. There was no dissent from that doctrine on the part of the Democratic party, and a great war was instituted by that party to prove the correctness of the position. It is a remarkable fact that the only time we hear of the weakness of the Constitution is when justice is to be enforced. The Constitution was powerful enough to make all the terri-tory of the country slave, but it was not strong enough to free a single bond-The Constitution was too of the call for a single company of troops to save the life of the Government. It was too weak to issue a single of the greenbeak of the called her soldiers "patrots." in the one case, he pointed out, the world said North Carolina was right, and called her soldiers "patrots." in the other weak to resist secession or retake a singreenback to pay the soldiers or to buy munitions of war. It was too weak to permit of the enlistment of a single colored soldier. It was too weak to permit of the emancipation of the slaves on to declare, "North Carolina, notpermit of the emancipation of the slaves as a war power for the preservation of the Government. The Constitution has been notoriously too weak to do anything for justice and right, and now the Supreme Court, by the month of Justice Bradley, steps onto the old State's Rights Democratic platform, and pronounces upon the weakness of the Constitution much more decidedly than was necessary for the purpose of the case in hand. The dicts of the Bradley decision are the dangerous things in it, and not the mere judgment of the Court overthrowing two sections of the Supplementary Civil-rights bill. In the hand of a Democratic Supreme Court, thoroughly imbued with the Democratic virus, animated by the spirit against which the people have fought for the past twenty-live years, the logic of that decision can be used to paralyse the power of the General Government, and to practically nullity s large part of what has been accomplished during this period of radical change. The people intended to make a strong Constitution—strong enough o preserve the Government and to proteet the rights and privileges it pro-posed to confer. That purpose will not be defeated, though it may be balked

#### and delayed. Revolutions do not go backward, even to the common law. Indianapols Journal.

Ruling the Bemocrats Out. The Cleveland Leader solemnly ar gues that Judge Hoadly's election is void because he purchased the nomination for \$50,000, more or less. "The fact that George Hoadly has received a majority of votes does not make him while the 5,000 sp. Governor of Ohio," says the Leader. and breathless. pay, directly or indirectly, any money.

office, shall be ineligible to hold the same."

The law is plain, and such an offenso

The law i may possibly be provable; though proving it we suspect would be difficult, notwithstanding the undenied and presumably admitted fact that Judge shows a local throb with longing to have all Hoadly said that his nomination cost him \$50,000. Whatever may be be-lieved about the manner in which this under official auspices, to re-bury four money was expended, Judge Hoadly did obscure victims of the rebellion, with not confess that he paid it out in bribes. the Confederate flag to signalize the But the cruel fact is that the Leader's policy, if carried into effect, is calculated to turn this statute into a prohibitory law against Democrats holding office in Ohio. It is a merciless attempt that quarter. It is a queer method, policy, if carried into effect, is calculated to rule "the barrel" out of Democratic polities. Think what a condition the ance and a controlling wish to politics of this country would be reduced to if Democrats who tap their "barreis" should be declared ineligible dismissal of ugly thoughts and emoto hold office after being at the expense of securing an election! Is the Leader prepared to reduce Ohio to an unexcitng millennium of innocence and honesty, where the elections would invariably go Republican, and all the piquancy would be extracted from politics? Has it no consideration for the other hearts with "barrels" that would bleed, including the venerable S. forever out of sight, we are bound to J. Tilden? Does it mean to intimate that Mr. Bookwalter can not be Senselieve, or they would not take the trouble to certify it with such elaborate Doesn't the Leader know that, and expressive obsequies; and certainly Governor Jarvis, fresh from a brotherly while everybody admires virtue in the abstract, reducing it to the concrete is abstract, reducing it to the concrete is mixing religion with politics, and ruth-lessly trampling upon the immemorial privileges of the Democratic party?—

Detroit Post and Tribune.

contact with the leading citizens of Boston, would not give such emphatic assurance on that poin, if he thought for a moment that there was any danger of contradiction.—St. Louis Globe-

The good work of blotting out secsoldiers, buried at Arlington twenty has been assuaged, and to satisfy the in-credulous how anxious she is to oblit-erate prejudice and let bygones be by-

When the remains in question arrived federate battle-flag in front of them cemetery. There a salute was fired

The Governor having so recently re turned from his visit to Boston with the widow of Stonewall Jackson could not help remembering, of course, how hospitably and liberally he had been treated by the Massachusetts people, and so the promptings of courtesy were added to the obligations of honor as should emphasize Southern forgettherefore, by saying some p city things about "the sons called to battle" by North Carolina away back in 1776 when "a step taken by the colony affairs of the intermediate egity-five years, he brought himself to bear upon and speak for the State in so doing." desire to let the dead past bury its dead which pervaded the rest of his oration. "These comrades," he proceeded, "are unexcelled in the pages of romance or history, of song or story, for rare devotion to duty, fine courage and splendid carriage, illustrated in battle and on the march, in camp and in the hospital. And they were patriots. They went forth at the command of their lawful, regular Government, and strictly obeyed the mandates of constituted, legal recognized authority, through years of

pain and suffering, even un o death." Then turning towards the caskets, the report informs us, and dropping his voice to a low and tear-freighted tone, while the 5,000 spectators stood bowed 'In the face of certain charges he is as patriot soldiers, after twenty years of completely debarred from holding the burial in foreign soil, we receive you office as though he was an unnatural- back to your native State, and may your ized alien." After reciting the charge dust remain forever in the bosom of that Judge Hoadly purchased the nomination, the Leader quotes the law of Ohio, which says that "a candidate for nomination to any office before any remains were laid away with prayer, convention, who pays or promises to and flowers, and full mil tary honors. or croperty to any delegate, for the pur-pose of obtaining his influence or vote mosity and making things quiet and or such nomination in such convention, agreeable is not easy to measure. Govof logic unknown elsewhere in the world. We must take them at their word, therefore, or be accused of malice the past and put all sectional differences

### Burying the Past.

chorus of restored harmony and fraterrity recently received an impetus at Raleigh, N. C., which is fairly entitled to recognition on account of its uniqueness, as well as because of its earnest and spontaneous quality. It was a proud day for Raleigh, and yet the affair had a solemn aspect, for the center of interest and significance was a funeral car. The remains of four North Carolina rebel years ago, had been exhumed and brought home to be duly mingled with their native clay; and the State seized the occasion to show how her bitterness

they were first placed for a few hours in the State Capitol, which had been hung with emblems of mourning, including the Confederate flag and three regi-mental guidons. The citizens thronged the building to show their reverence for the dead lying in state, and "many per-sons wept at the sight," the newspaper report specifies. Early in the afternoon a procession was formed, consisting of several militia compan es, a large delegation of ex-rabel soldiers with the Con and a long line of carriages bearing th the Supreme Court, the Mayors of sey eral adjoining cities, and other person marched to the Capitol, received the honored dead with appropriate ceremo nies, and thence wended its way nies, and thence through the principal streets to th and a dirge played, and then Governor

fulness of the past and create a pleasant had involved her in war with the mother country. Then, skipping the another "step taken" and another lot withstanding, writes over the graves of those who fell in her defense in the last war as well as in the former, the words "patriot soldiers." And hence, he argued in a mollifying and de the casufistic way, "as these comcades whose remains we are here to bury went forth in 1861 at the command of their State and of the Governor of North Carolina, so it is meet that the Gov rnor of the J. M. DUNN, Norwalk, Ohio. State should to-day receive them back It was a happy thought on the part of Governor Jarvis that led him to ex-plain how he came to be the orator on such an occasion, instead of "some one more competent," as he put it, "to spenk in litting terms of the deeds of walor and patriotism" of the four sacred dead about to be finally and permanent ly interred. We can not too cordially commend his specious manner of logic odesty. But all this was as n thing to the fine sense of lovalty and the deep

The effect of such a pageant and such ache and throb with longing to have all sectional ideas quenched and dispelled. procession, and the Governor of the to be sure, of manifesting repentdown there where the traditions of chivalry combine with sinistral in-

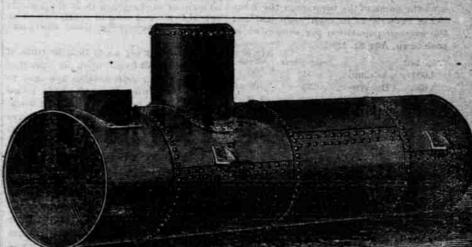
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